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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1917.

Travail.

He who today contemptuously thrusts Russia out of the reckoning, thinks of her as lost and damned, misses much of what history may teach him, for the most elusive, the most fickle, the most evanescent of all elements involved in human progress is democracy, the aspiration for which is as old as the race itself.

We count the American Revolution as one of the great milestones of human progress; and yet who does not know that the fruits of the Revolution were nearly lost in the bitter wrangling, bickering and jealousies among the Colonies that were to compose the coming nation. It was nearly a decade after Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown before the Constitution was adopted. In the meantime the Articles of Confederation had proved unworkable, and the new nation, which had won its freedom so dearly, was almost wrecked by sheer force of local jealousies and reluctance to concede a tithe of local rights and local authority to the commonwealth.

We know now that Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton were as wide apart as the poles in their ideals of democracy; and we know that many of their followers were only too anxious to take to the sword, rather than to the ballot, as a means of settling who should rule the land. And for a generation after the Revolution was ended Royalists were busy—just as German agents are today—trying to undermine the government and restore it to the British crown; and there were also groups of ultraradicals, and compared to the Maximalists and Bolsheviks of Russia, who were determined to do away with property rights and the ordinary safeguards of human society.

Luckily, we escaped the clutch of these extremists. We were more lucky than France after she overthrew the Bourbons; more lucky than Russia when she toppled over the Romanoffs. But it took ten years and more for these United States actually to become a nation. The authority of the Federal government was so weak at times that it was unable to collect the taxes it had placed in force. Its laws and mandates were defied with impunity. But hard-headed Anglo-Saxon common sense finally came to the rescue of the quarreling Colonies.

We do not think there is the slightest danger of the Czarism being restored in Russia, any more than that the Bolsheviks will stay in the saddle in Petrograd for any length of time. These featherheads will fall to fighting among themselves like sparrows in the streets fighting over provender. There is not the slightest instinct or aptitude for administration among them. The Leninists—who are they but a group of cart-tail anarchists and spouters of empty pabulum, acting under German control. In Petrograd, it is true, they have succeeded in overturning the responsible government. But we have the word of Kerensky himself that he anticipated and discounted this coup d'etat.

"Assuredly this is not the voice of authentic Russia," says the London Times of the counter revolution. Assuredly it is not.

Safe and Sane Thanksgiving.

And maybe war will give us a safe and sane Thanksgiving. There has been much extraordinary stuffing of ourselves mixed up with our thinking of God on Thanksgiving Day. We will have, on the coming national day, more than ever to be genuinely thankful to God for and more than ever will it be sinful and senseless to stuff ourselves. If we continue our usual gastronomic policy, we are likely to waste more in one day than all the campaigning for food conservation can save in a week.

President Wilson, in his proclamation, appeals for unity of spirit and purpose of service to the world. The world as a whole is going to be almighty hungry on Thanksgiving Day, with frightful shortage of food in very many parts. There is no better way of arriving at such unity and performing such service to hungry humanity than by neglecting our usual Thanksgiving gorging.

Thank God and treat your stomach as if it were a same part of you on Thanksgiving Day!

Time Waits for Nobody.

According to official advice, the Federal authorities responsible for war preparations in the industries are about to adopt new methods in dealing with "industrial unrest." The policy of charging all against I. W. W. agitators is seen to be wrong, and there is to be recognition of the fact that the real, underlying cause of the unrest is the failure of wages to keep pace with the rising cost of living.

As this paper intimated some weeks ago, especially in regard to the copper and lumber "unrest" of the southwest and Northwest, respectively, the Federal authorities have been trying to pull the wrong tooth. Raising the infamous I. W. W. leaders hasn't relieved the industrial ache, justifiable though it may have been as a police measure, and the authorities have struck the right policy, if they succeed in their plan to readjust wages to conform with changes in the cost of necessities.

The plan under consideration is to fix a standard of wages in given occupations, less or more than which tandard the employer shall not pay under government permission. This is the basis of Great Britain's law of dealing with industrial unrest, but its efficacy must depend wholly upon control of profits. To control profits is a most intricate undertaking, and one requiring much time, and if there is one thing especially aluable to our government—just now it is time. We may have the time to perfect and install a plan to quiet industrial unrest in respect of labor generally, but Italy, Russia, our war cause in entirety shriek for our immediate action.

diating with all those industries directly engaged in turning out war material, especially ships.

Our government can and should concern itself with the normal labor problem, but it can only conserve precious time by dealing with war industry unrest in heroic fashion. The Federal authorities, having decided that industrial unrest is due to wage conditions, would be wise and justified in commanding any institution producing war essentials. Particularly is this true in respect of shipbuilding plants, and their closely allied concerns. Ships are, finally, our problem. In April, when we declared war, the Kaiser said, "Too late!" He was betting on his U-boats, our insignificant merchant marine and our conservatism. But we can fool him.

Giving Comfort to the Enemy.

The Herald doubts if there is any better way of "aiding and abetting the enemy" than for unpatriotic citizens to pay high prices to see and hear the artists of enemy countries now appearing in this country.

Could the enemy ask more? From its firing line, where possibly his last shot may have killed your son or mine, an undoubted artist comes to us to amuse and entertain us.

In other words, we not only invite the despoiler of our homes into our home, but pay him handsomely for coming. When his furlough is ended he will return to kill possibly another son of yours or mine.

Can you conceive of an American artist playing to applauding audiences in Germany or Austria? Of course, you cannot. It is an intolerable situation and everybody knows it.

And stop and think of it. Albert Spalding, one of the greatest of violinists, is over in Italy serving under the Stars and Stripes. While Spalding, whose patriotism cost him \$50,000 in canceled contracts, is fighting for you, you are paying good money to hear an artist who was recently shooting at you.

This is a great country. We are doing things in a tremendously big way—but the limit is reached when we permit such outrages as are being committed by those in charge of these artists of enemy countries.

The Hunger Strike.

In war time the "hunger strike" and "forcible feeding" have lost their thrill. When Emmeline Pankhurst was forcibly rescued from starving to death, she caught the public imagination, as every original genius does. When war engulfed Europe, Mrs. Pankhurst and her cohorts had the good sense to realize that the advertising value of hunger striking had evaporated.

Miss Alice Paul is one of her disciples, and she is trying to repeat the adventure of Holloway gaol in our own prosaic, unromantic District jail; with what results—from the strict publicity view—he who runs may read. A more ill-timed performance could hardly be imagined. It comes in the wake of a glorious suffrage victory in New York State, at a time when the cause seems to be entering upon a new era of progress. Therefore the average citizen will regard this "forcible feeding" business as a deliberate, self-imposed martyrdom that is grotesquely useless and inept. Some such thought must have already percolated into Cameron House, unless self-absorption there has insulated the National Woman's Party from all contact with popular psychology.

There is nothing in the blind alley in which the pickets persist in rushing back and forth.

War experts agree that Gen. Cadorna never meant to make a real stand along the Tagliamento.

In Gotham 'tis better to be called John by the common people than Jack by a Vanderbilt.

Patriotism is the only sauce known to science which will make codfish balls taste as good as beefsteak.

There's only one correct answer to the question, "Why shouldn't women vote?" That is "They should!"

The New York woman who scorns alimony in her divorce petition ought to have no trouble in remarrying.

The story we Americans like best in our evening's paper contains but three words—Haig hammers Huns.

With turkey at 40 cents a pound its patriotic elimination from the festal board is a duty unusually pleasant.

Not for Little Jimmy.

Speaking at a dinner, Senator William S. Kenyon, of Iowa, referred to the proper administration of justice, and smilingly recalled this little story: One afternoon Mrs. Brown, the mother of little Willie Brown, saw something that looked like a mix-up in the middle of the street, and hastened to investigate. Her worst fears were realized, for her own dear boy was next the asphalt, with Jimmy Jones sitting on his head and punching his ribs.

"What do you mean by doing that?" exclaimed the angry mother, as she separated the combatants. "What did you hit my little Willie for?"

"Your little Willie flammed me with a brick!" defensively declared Jimmy.

"Well, don't you ever strike him again," exclaimed the irate mother. "If Willie hits you, you come and tell me."

"Yes," was the scornful rejoinder of Jimmy, "an' what would you do?"

"Why, I would whip him for it, of course," declared Willie's mother.

"What!" loudly exclaimed Jimmy. "Him flam me with a brick an' you have the fun of lickin' him fer it? Well, I guess not!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Light of His Face

By FRANK L. STANTON
In Atlanta Constitution.

("The boys, going to war, with the light in their faces.")

She made him good-bye, and o'er valley and hill She sees him, a-waving good-bye to her still; Out there, in the ranks, yet a spirit apart, For the seas cannot sweep him away from her heart! The lone, long night 'round the regiments drawn, But one place is light as the shadows march on, Undimmed by the tears of the farewell embrace— The light of his face.

Her morning, unshadowed, though shadows may fall! It was all to a mother—but mothers give all! From the sweet paths of peace to the storm of the guns They answer their country—their sons are its sons! Each thro' of the home-hearts gives answer supreme, With love's dream the echo of liberty's dream: Love's dream, in brave beauty, and wonder, and grace In the light of his face.

In the light of his face, as he fares to the strife— The light of freedom for liberty's life; And love to fare with him o'er land and foam, And light the sweet stars in the heaven of home. The welcoming stars, when the battle is done, And the thrill of the joy of the victory won, And home, and a mother to claim the loved place In the light of his face.

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.
And now it is your privilege to begin saving for the third liberty loan.

GETTING READY FOR ANOTHER PEACE DRIVE.



BOOK REVIEWS.

"And the Captain Answered," by Octave Thanet, author of "The Man of the Hour." Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, 50 cents net.

This is the story of a war-hating mother and her attempt to keep her son from taking the Federal oath. But the son had a father in the Spanish-American war and a Grand Army grandfather, and they, though dead, fought against the pacifist mother and to maintain the traditions of the family. Indeed it is a family history in a nutshell, as well as a timely lesson in sacrifice and patriotism.

But, grossly as these are emphasized, there is another angle to the story that many parents—particularly mothers—should be made to see, and that is that a child is an individual, that his life belongs to himself, that he must stand or fall by his own decisions. Each reader, however, will take from the story what touches him most nearly, and there is enough for many readers after truth.

It is remarkable how much food for thought Octave Thanet has crowded into the pages of his little story, and she has done it all with simplicity and good taste, with the right word always in the right place, and with a gift for quick characterization that is most unusual. The story is touching, for the reader can't avoid sympathizing with the mother who has suffered so much from past wars, and who has a basis of principle beneath her fear for her son's safety. But in the end she rises to the heights and makes the sacrifice bravely and even gloriously. It is the right sort of a war book.

"The Ruby Cross," by Mary Wallace. New York: The Benziger Brothers. With three full page illustrations in sepia. Price, \$1.25, postage 10 cents extra.

The Ruby Cross is a priceless heirloom of the Berezford family, the members of which move in high aristocratic circles. There is a prophecy attached to it and it takes a dramatic part in the narrative. We read with delight the romance of Buena Vista Copper, the account of the transformation of a wild-cat speculation into boundless wealth. We enjoy the story of the girl who, cornered elopement that did not succeed, and we find that the unfolding of the plot brings to the surface two love stories which are the sweeter by reason of their contrast with the sterner aspect of other parts of the narrative.

"The Flyer's Guide," by Captain N. J. Gill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, 50 cents.

The hundreds of young men who are entering or planning to enter the aviation service will find this little book the best sort of friend. It is an elementary handbook for aviators and as Captain Gill is a skilled aviator of the British army he knows just the difficulties that beginners encounter, the things they need to be warned against, what they must do. The work is written in a very simple and concise style and every word of it is devoted directly to the business in hand—learning to fly. The initial chapter gives advice to the beginning student about clothing, the development of the sense of "feel" and other matters connected with the first lessons. One chapter deals with the theory of flight and another with the problems and methods of practical flying, while others take up the construction, care and maintenance of aeroplanes, internal combustion engines and ignition devices.

"In Spite of All," by Edith Stranforth. New York: The Benziger Brothers. Frontispiece. Price, \$1.00.

When Eleanor Roche and her sister Mary came to Wharton on the square's invitation, the hosts were scarcely prepared for the advent of a matchless beauty. But that is exactly what Eleanor was, and when she caught sight of Sir Philip Leigh she made up her mind to marry him. The fact that he was engaged to Sissy Wharton, the square's granddaughter, did not affect her decision one particle. So the battle was on between Sissy, a pure, unselfish, lovable girl and the heartless woman of wondrous beauty. The beauty won, as might be expected, but that, although it

was enough to indicate the inconsistency of the masculine heart, was but the rising of the curtain on a drama that searched the very souls of its characters.

This is a robust and vigorous story, throughout with the leaven of a deep, practical Catholicity.

"The Young Man and His Vocation," by Franklin Stewart Harris, Ph. D. R. G. Badger. Price, \$1.25.

Every normal person is eager to succeed in life. Many fail because they are not doing the kind of work for which they are suited, or because they are not properly trained for their work. This volume will help the young man to find his place in the world and will show him how to make the most of himself.

The industrial demands of modern life are explained and the reader is shown how he can meet these demands. The opportunities and requirements in each kind of work are discussed in such a way that the young man is aided materially in selecting his life's work and in preparing himself for it.

"In Happy Valley," by John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It was well worth while to collect Mr. Fox's previously published stories or more shrewdly, for many of the characters, especially Pleasant Trouble and Jeb Mullins, the moonshiner, run through them all, and law-breakers as they are, one cannot help liking them. It is a dramatic life that Mr. Fox portrays, yet one with many redeeming features and amusing situations. The best of the stories are: "Courtship of Allaphair," "The Top of Big Sandy," "The Queenberry," and "Godless of Happy Valley." The St. Hilda Mission and its workers play an important part in them all.

Newsie Notes

Harper & Brothers have just heard from their London house that their office in Albermarle street was injured in the recent Zeppelin raids. "The nose of a shrapnel shell, weighing three and a half pounds, came through the roof in the back of our house here," wrote their London representative, "but did comparatively little damage."

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who resigned his position as Minister to Holland last winter in order that he might be free to write what he thought this country ought to be told concerning the German conduct of the war, has completed his book, "Fighting for Peace," and it will be ready for issue by the Scribner's in the latter part of October. The whole book is said to be not only an indictment of Germany, but an appeal to the American people to stand fast.

Franklin P. Adams, better known as "F. P. A.," who will have a new novel, "The Lady of Kingdoms," published this month by Doubleday, Page & Company, has come to this city to engage in work for the war.

Inez Haynes Irwin, whose new novel, "The Lady of Kingdoms," has just been published by the Dorans, says that the idea of the story came to her when she was only 17, that for many years it grew and took shape in her mind, but that she did not really begin to write it until the autumn of 1907.

She has carried it about with her and worked on it in New York, Massachusetts and California, in Italy, France and England. She had the manuscript with her in London when air raids were frequent and she distributed it in three different places so that some of it would be likely to survive dropped bombs.

Remember!!
to do your Xmas Shopping Early

THE OPEN FORUM

WAR TIME DETECTIVES.

Correspondent Takes Fling at Department of Justice Men.

Editor The Washington Herald: It seems that there is now some amateur detective work being done by unscrupulous individuals who, in a vindictive mood and because of personal prejudice, endeavor to fasten the stigma of pro-Germanism on certain of their neighbors, and, further, that no good purpose can be served by any self-appointed detectives who, basing their accusations on the testimony of persons of different religious and political turn of mind and challenge the loyalty of law-abiding and hard-working citizens.

If so much detective work is necessary, it could be done by persons of character, who are above gossiping and mixing their personal prejudices in their work. Detective work is looked upon with a feeling akin to that we have for the confidence man, and when it is not employed to enforce the law, or when it is employed for personal reasons by gossip and persons in malicious moods, it would seem to be inexcusable.

One of the local newspapers recently stated that many citizens were co-operating with the Department of Justice in detecting people who are giving aid and comfort to the enemy. If such co-operation gives anyone the opportunity to scrutinize the records of their neighbors, and to satisfy their latent jealousies and prejudices by exaggerating the dark chapters of their neighbors' lives, much aid and comfort will be given the enemy by these gossip.

When unprincipled persons, for personal reasons, can, under the guise of co-operating with the Department of Justice, assassinate the character of persons who are by nature pacifists, but are in favor of the present war because it was unavoidable, great care should be taken as to who is allowed to co-operate with the Department of Justice.

A READER OF THE HERALD.

REPLIES TO LINDAS.

Time Enough to Criticize When Storm Passes.

Editor The Washington Herald: In an address before an audience in Pithian Temple Benjamin F. Lindas said, "Intolerance is democracy's most insidious and unyielding foe." That is true, but his next contention, that "in this country we have individual, social, political and religious intolerance, showing itself in three ways—intolerance of race, creed and wealth"—is not, in my opinion, correct.

The tolerance with which this nation has borne from all classes since its foundation has been our proud boast. This is the principle for which we are fighting today in this great war, the supremacy of democracy against the intolerant Prussian autocracy, that will be our fate if we do not win this war.

When we chose our illustrious President to guide our Ship of State, we did so with the full confidence that he possessed the ability to guide us safely through all kinds of seas. When the water are calm, we are all allowed the freedom of the deck (patriotic criticism of public policies and officials), but we have drifted into the troublesome waters, and now he must clear the deck for action.

It is now the duty for every citizen

to do his duty, regardless of his personal opinion or belief, and obey the orders of the captain. There will be time enough after the storm for him to criticize and find fault after we have won liberty for all nations and creeds.

If we should lose out in this war, there will be a greater intolerance to fight than the world has ever known. Let the Biglowes and the pacifists curb their grievance against imaginary wrongs till the United States can give them their money and freedom.

J. L. HOLLAND,
1108 North Capitol street.

QUOTES EULOGY ON DOG.

Court Room Speech of Late Senator Vest Recalled by Subscriber.

Editor The Washington Herald:—In Saturday's Herald there is a news story concerning a letter addressed to the District Commissioners in protest against the anti-dog crusade. The "remark" attributed to the late Senator Vest on the faithfulness of dogs is actually a quotation from a remarkable court room address delivered by the Senator in a civil suit, in which he represented the plaintiff, whose dog was alleged to have been poisoned by the defendant. The introductory to the summing-up address to the jury is worthy of reproduction.

It follows: "Gentlemen of the jury—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or his daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is within our grasp may turn to mockery and derision and jeering when we discover their treachery and their vile abuse of our confidence in them."

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and where the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will lick the hands and feet of his master, and share with him the bitter cold. He will guard the sleeper through the blighting blast of winter, and he will not permit the ungodly and unchristian traffickers of the night to molest the sleeper, as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is a constant in his love as the sun is in its journey through the heavens."

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all the other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his master's knees, his eye open, his alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

"FRANCIS DE SALES RYAN."

6,000 feet at an altitude of about 6,000 feet.

The Secretary of War has directed that all organization commanders of units designated for service overseas, and who are dispatched abroad on commercial liners, provide at least five days' rations for the use of their organizations en route through England.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE BETTER PLAN.

To be an Angel here
Is very well, I guess,
And many folks, 'tis clear,
To that achievement press.

But as for me I deem
It far a better plan,
A more important scheme,
To try to be a MAN.

If I can be the kind
Of MAN I really might
I've not a doubt I'll find
My ANGELHOOD all right.
(Copyright, 1917.)



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"WHAT WE SAY IT IS—IT IS"

